## Porter Wagoner, Bottom Of The Bottle

At the bottom of the bottle is where a man can hide When he must cross a river he knows is too wide When the bottle is empty even heartaches are gone Though his eyes can't see no one he don't feel alone Come go with me to the bottom of the bottle On our way down we may meet fond memories I talk better from the bottom of the bottle Come join the man who she left so helplessly ( steel )

They all tell me that last night my baby came in And she walked to my table to forgive me again My eyes caught a memory and my mind tried in vain I said your face looks familiar but I can't call your name Come go with me...